

Chastens the lover's sensual joy.  
I love & c

None but the noble and the best  
Should revel in thy dear caress;  
None will deserve to be more blest,  
Than the one, whom thou shalt bless.  
I love &c.

Who e'er he be, he may not take  
From me the love I bear to thee,  
For never can my heart forsake  
Thy heart altho' it love not me.  
I love &c.

I cannot love but one alone,  
That only one sweet maid art thou;  
I would not have my love be known,  
And yet I'd have thee love me now.  
I love but one,  
'Tis thee, still thee,  
But yet that one  
Will ne'er love me.

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### THE FLOWER OF LIFE.

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How short is the date of the flower,  
That blooms in mortality's bower!  
Its cup is closed, its stem is dying;  
Too soon, alas! 'twill fade away,  
'Twill wither where no zephyr sighing  
Allays the sun's too ardent ray;  
For passion rules the burning day.

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